Always You

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Always You

by NeuroWriter14

Summary

When Will and Hannibal fall over the cliff, they both die. Only for Will to wake up in his younger body.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Will's eyes shot open as he thrashed. He was fighting waves that weren't there, scrambling for someone who couldn't reach him back. He saw Hannibal's face behind his eyelids, plastered there like a permanent stamp. He saw him when he went to sleep, he saw him when he woke. Hannibal Lecter had carved his way into Will's mind just as much as he had carved a smile on Will's abdomen. Will stared up at the plain ceiling, not really seeing it but staring at it nonetheless. Hannibal's face loomed above him, staring at him with that same soft look he only reserved for Will.

Or used to, anyway.

It had been a month since the two of them fell over the cliff. A month since their fight with the Dragon. A month since they died. Hannibal died first. Between the impact of the water and the bullet wound in his abdomen, there was little to be done by the time Will found him in the water. Hannibal's body sunk away from his, falling further into the ocean. Will followed him, even when his lungs burned from the lack of air and everything within him told him to swim toward the air above him. His lungs screamed for air, his survival instincts screamed for life, but his brain and heart screamed for Hannibal, sinking further and further out of sight. By the time he ultimately lost Hannibal, he couldn't tell which way was up. Drowning was not how he wanted to die.

Suddenly, though, he woke up in his younger body. He was sleeping sprawled across an incredibly small bed. His hair was longer than he normally kept it. In fact, the last time he had it that long, was in BSCHI and before that in university. He sat straight up in bed. He could already feel how different his body was compared to how it had been for five years straight, the amount of time he knew Hannibal. There were no phantom aches in his abdomen, which was smile free, and while he was consistently exhausted, it was nothing compared to before. He stood from bed, walking over the full-length mirror in his room. Sure enough, there was no scar on his forehead. There was nothing to indicate that he ever had a brush with Hannibal Lecter.

Except for the hole in his heart and the aching emptiness beside him.

Will had gone to George Washington University. He could see the school emblem on the agenda he was given at orientation. He had no idea what year it was or even what day it was. Part of him ached to reach into his pockets to pull out his phone to check, a habit he had grown so used to, only to realize that mobile phones weren't nearly as popular when he was in university. He had a computer, a clunky and ugly thing that took up most of his desk. He had forgotten how slow everything had been, and how easily the world adapted to the increased speed. And much like the time he had left, Will was speeding.

He was agonizingly frustrated by the time he was able to finally start up and log onto his computer. He was genuinely surprised that he remembered his password, but except for one time in his life, he never forgot anything. Only Hannibal had ever managed to make him forget. As strange as it was, part of him longed to find Hannibal again, just so he would forget the terrifying, hole in his heart and emptiness at his side. He hadn't expected for them to truly die when going over the cliff. Both were far too stubborn and resilient for that to

happen. But after a fight in which both were wounded, he guessed even they would succumb to morality.

He looked at the day, month, and year, finding himself blinking at the screen over and over.

He was in his senior year of university at this point. And 19.

He groaned.

Of all the times he could have possibly returned to, why was it his 19-year-old body. Will was set to graduate in less than two months and after that, he had returned to New Orleans to become a cop. He had done it for a few reasons which no longer made sense to him. New Orleans was the place Will had forced himself to feel at home, the place he had stayed in the longest as a child. At the time, it made sense to return there. And even then, he wrestled with his darkest impulses, fighting and pushing them down. He tried to suffocate them, then he tried to indulge them just slightly by becoming a cop. He was adjacent to the darkness, never among it. And even after he was stabbed and he tried for the FBI, eventually settling for a teacher, he still tried to convince himself he was satisfied to be next to the darkness.

Even though he longed to be among it.

His longing had shifted after a while. He hadn't just longed to be in the darkness, but he longed to in it with Hannibal. He wanted Hannibal at his side and for it to just be them. He punished them both, letting Hannibal sit in prison stewing and wondering if Will would ever return for him for three years. He had really thought they would live and start a new life together.

And now here he was, living an old one.

Or maybe he didn't have to.

Will waited for the world's slowest internet to speed up. His university was among the first to have internet on campus and among the few that had equipped the dorms with some computers. Will had persuaded housing to let him live alone, and along with that came the private computer. When he first moved in, he had never used it. Instead, he let the computer sit mostly unused until he began looking for jobs.

Will froze as he clicked on the search bar.

By this time, if he was correct, he had applied to be an officer in New Orleans after he graduated. Much to his horror, and slight satisfaction that he remembered so well, there was an email waiting in his inbox, confirming an interview for May, two days after he was to graduate. But that wasn't what he wanted at all. That wasn't the path he wanted to repeat. Even if it led him to Hannibal. He moved slower now, as he clicked on the search bar once again. Hannibal should be in the US by now and teaching at Johns Hopkins while earning his Ph.D. in psychiatry.

Hannibal's face was among the searches, younger but no less handsome. He was lecturing, based on the photograph, and under it was a summary of his paper on social exclusion.

Will's fingers flexed on the mouse as he looked over Hannibal's face. His relationship with Hannibal hadn't included anything sexual, but there had been plenty of physical intimacy between them. Even still, he had never done one of the few things he had truly wanted to when it came to Hannibal, including letting his fingers trail over the man's cheekbones. The closest he had come to touching them was when Hannibal's face pressed against his, just before they went over the cliff.

That had been months ago now. Will had finished his degree and found his way to John's Hopkins. Just as he suspected, Hannibal was there, teaching a summer class to those between their junior and senior year. Among them, was Alana Bloom who sat in the front row of the class, listening to every word that Hannibal said. Will was also upfront, the only person without a notepad, as he watched Hannibal command the room, gesturing to the pre-written notes in the chalkboard in his elegant script. The man's amber eyes fell on Will for a second, before he straightened himself, still staring Will down.

"I wonder," Hannibal began. "How you could remember this without writing it down."

Will could feel the eyes of the class on him, along with some whispered "ohs" but he kept eye contact with Hannibal only to repeat, word for word, what the man had said. Hannibal's amber eyes flashed as his attention turned full to Will, a feeling he hadn't realized he missed until he had it again. Rarely was Hannibal's attention ever divided when it came to Will, and the few moments they had been in the same room without the weight of it, Will thought he would die.

This Hannibal wasn't his. He knew the moment they were in the same room together. Even when his Hannibal was attempting to focus on other people, his attentions were always on Will. This Hannibal, however, had started his gambit with Alana and therefore didn't pay Will any mind.

Until now.

Following Will's verbatim answer, Hannibal's attention was on him the rest of the time, even if his eyes weren't. He would continuously make eye contact with Alana, and Will saw first-hand how long he had been playing at this particular strategy. Once the class was over, Alana but Will stayed, waiting until the class was empty. Hannibal also stayed, watching Will until he stood. He purposefully avoided eye contact with him.

"Not fond of eye contact, are you?" Hannibal asked.

"Eyes are distracting," Will answered. "You see too much. You don't see enough." He continued on the diatribe that caught Hannibal's attention in the first place, catching once again the soft smile Hannibal offered immediately.

This could be enough. Just knowing Hannibal, even if they weren't as conjoined as they had been. He could handle the rest of his life if everything returned to how it had been when they first met. It wasn't the same Hannibal, nowhere near the same Hannibal, but he would have Hannibal Lecter in any form. Even the stone-hearted man who was currently watching him as though he were the most beautiful thing he had ever seen.

"I haven't seen you here before," Hannibal said.

"Maybe I have been around."

Hannibal's eyes flashed. "No. I would remember you."

I remember you. Will thought to himself.

"Are you so certain, Doctor?"

"Yes." Hannibal was watching him as they left the classroom together, shoulder to shoulder. "What brings you to Johns Hopkins?"

"The future," Will answered. His answer wasn't exactly a lie, but it wasn't the truth either. Hannibal was what drew him here.

"Are you considering a degree in psychiatry?"

"Maybe a Ph.D." Hannibal's eyes shot to him at that. "I just finished a degree in criminal psychology."

He could feel the intensity of the other, how much more he was quickly becoming intrigued with Will. He was predictable. At least for Will.

For the next three months, Will found himself returning to Hannibal more and more. Hannibal began inviting him over for dinner privately only a week after they met. Very quickly, their meals increased in number until Will was spending almost every evening with Hannibal. And that was far worse than never having found Hannibal at all. He felt the distance between them with every movement. His abdomen ached, his head ached. He wished with every part of him that Hannibal would gut him once more because that would have been far less painful than the hole that was slowly working its way through him. Hannibal was the worst drug for him. Even when they were together, Will ached terribly, a phantom hole in his heart only growing worse every time he and Hannibal were together. At night, his mind brought back the way Hannibal watched him when they killed the Dragon. He was going insane and yet he still kept returning to Hannibal because even the pain was better than nothing at all.

After three months, the first body dropped. It likely wasn't the first one, but it was the first that was found. And Will saw it for exactly what it was.

He decided he should send a message in return.

Hannibal always invited Will to his home, so he had learned his way around the house himself. Like Hannibal's Baltimore house, Leda and the Swan sat over a small fireplace. It was smaller than the Baltimore house, but even still there were somethings that Hannibal seemed to have carried with him over time including the harpsichord.

Finding a victim was easy. Hannibal would approve, his brain told him. The man had been stalking a woman over the course of the night. Will first started at the bar to buy some liquid courage, not that he needed it for the kill itself, it was what came after. He found the man

watching a woman at the bar. It was a relief to let out his several frustrations as he killed the man, his fists repeatedly contacting flesh. He had killed Randall Tier similarly. And he disposed of the body similarly to how he disposed of the Freddie Lounds decoy, sending it rolling in flames. While the world was distracted with that, he found his way to Hannibal's house, opening the door and leaving the one organ he took from the body in the refrigerator.

A heart.

The next night, Hannibal invited Will over for dinner with the menu including heart tartar.

The meal was incredibly charged, with Hannibal's eyes on Will at all times. Will watched him in return, his heart finally feeling something other than aching pain. Instead, he was incredibly excited. Finally, there was something different between them. Nothing happened over dinner, though. Like it had been previously, the two of them danced around the subject while making incredibly charged eye contact. Will was about ready to start screaming. Eventually, he left the dining room, drifting toward the harpsichord as he always did.

He was standing in front of it, hearing phantom music echo around his mind. Hannibal had played for him, only once. A piece he had constructed. It was after Will left BSCHI, and he had already begun his play to lure the other man into a trap. But when he asked Hannibal to play, it wasn't part of a ploy. He was always most honest with himself when he was with Hannibal, and at that moment, he was the most honest with Hannibal that he had been since leaving the BSCHI. It was incredibly human, as Will watched the other's dexterous fingers move over ivory keys. That was the first time that he was aware that he might have even more complex feelings when it came to Hannibal Lecter.

He stood staring at the harpsichord now, his fingers aching to reach out and touch it. To feel the places that familiar hands had graced. The harpsichord always thrummed like a beating heart in Hannibal's Baltimore house, even though the heart of the house was the kitchen. Will suspected that Hannibal was the most honest with the instrument until Will came along.

His hand moved of its own accord, reaching for the keys. He could almost feel Hannibal, his Hannibal, there under his fingertips just waiting for him to reach.

They were always reaching for each other to no avail.

A tear rolled down Will's cheek before he could stop it. But Hannibal did.

Neither of them had breached each other's personal space with physical contact yet, even though they were always incredibly close. Will wanted desperately to lean into that familiar yet foreign touch. This Hannibal watched him, emotions flashing behind his eyes.

"Do you play?"

"No," Will answered. "But I knew someone who did."

"They must have meant a lot to you."

Will was still staring at the instrument, knowing that if he turned everything that was rushing through his mind would reveal itself to the other man. It wasn't as though he could tell Hannibal what had happened, he'd sound insane if he even tried. But part of him wanted to desperately. He wanted to tell Hannibal how he had loved him, and how he had denied them both. He wanted to say he was sorry. But more than anything, he wanted his Hannibal back.

"I loved him," Will answered softly. "And I didn't realize it until too late."

"What happened?"

"I happened."

He wanted nothing more than to see his Hannibal again, and now that ache was back. Far worse than ever. He felt Hannibal's absence and his presence like a white-hot knife in his heart. Hannibal reached for him, turning his head so their eyes met. Another tear fell from Will's lashes.

When their eyes finally met, Will was full of aching need for something. Anything to distract him. And naturally, he couldn't find a distraction anywhere but in the same man who caused him most of his pain. He wanted to bury himself in the other man. He wanted to stay there for eternity just to feel something else than this. Just to feel something other than aching loss combined with terrifying need. He needed Hannibal in some form, in any form, because of how acutely they were bound together. He had told Hannibal once that he wasn't certain if either of them could survive separation. He was feeling that now. He was dying slowly with Hannibal.

The Hannibal in front of him seemed to take this all in, or at least, what Will couldn't restrain. And he didn't let go. His thumb and forefinger were cupped around Will's jaw, keeping his head in place.

"You left me something," He said quietly.

"Yes," Will breathed. "So did you."

"I did." Hannibal shifted his hand, moving it to cup the side of Will's face. "Though I did not expect you to understand it."

I understand. Will wanted to scream. *I understand you. Please, Hannibal.*

He was leaning forward before he knew what was happening. And Hannibal made no move to fight him. When their lips met, it was just a brush, light as a feather. But it sent a spike of electricity through Will's body. Hannibal's eyes widened slightly before he was pressing forward, deepening their kiss. Will's response was immediate. He pressed closer, returning the kiss and pulling the other man against him. Of course, their bodies fit together like they belonged there. Will had never realized he wanted this with Hannibal.

Sex wasn't a necessity, neither was physical intimacy of this kind. But yet here he was, aching for something he didn't know he needed.

Hannibal's arms wrapped around him, holding him tightly. He was a bundle of need for Hannibal to mold as he wanted.

He pulled away slightly, pressing kisses over the other's jaw and down into his neck.

He could live with this. He could live with a dull ache within him, as long as he had Hannibal in some form. The ache within him had changed slightly, in the time it took for Will to bury his face in the other's neck.

"Are you going to kill me, Hannibal?"

He was surprisingly content with the possibility of his answer being yes.

"No."

He pulled back slightly to look at the other man.

"Are you going to kill me, Will?"

His heart leapt into his throat at the way Hannibal said his name.

"No."

They lunged for each other again, hungrier this time. Will pushed his various feelings way. Instead, he focused on the one thing that had made the last few months possible. He had Hannibal.

Hannibal Lecter was here, alive, and in his arms once more. And this time, he wasn't going to let go.

Will pushed him back until Hannibal's back me the edge of his bookcase. One of Will's hands moved to steady himself as he pressed against the other. Hannibal's teeth sunk into his lower lip, drawing blood as well as pleasure. Even still, Hannibal found a way to hurt him, and even still, Will liked it. He could taste his blood on Hannibal's tongue as the other man gripped him tightly. He could feel that same connection that had brewed so long between them the first time rearing its head, looking for the monster that equaled it. And Hannibal seemed more than willing to reach back. His hands moved lower, wrapping around Will's thighs and pulling them upward right as he pushed off the bookshelf. Will was too busy exploring the other's mouth to care as he wrapped his legs around Hannibal's waist. They were moving and Will knew exactly where they were headed.

He heard the door shut behind him before they were falling gracelessly onto Hannibal's bed.

The other ground against him with far more fervor than Will thought he would. He should have known how hedonistic Hannibal could be, he knew everything else already. Will kept his legs around the other's waist, keeping them together.

Hannibal's hand moved into his hair, tugging lightly at his curls. Will's hands fisted in the back of his dress shirt. When they had first met, Will was immediately amused to know that

Hannibal had always dressed the same. He always wore a suit with some kind of pattern on it and a vibrant paisley tie. Now, however, he was annoyed at the several layers between them.

He began tugging at clothes, unable to stand the barriers between them.

Hannibal shifted slightly, tugging at his clothes with an equal rush. There was nothing graceful about their movements right now. This wasn't the predator Will had grown so used to. Hannibal seemed to need him just as much as Will needed Hannibal. Their clothes were discarded haphazardly, something Hannibal would be disgruntled with later.

When they were finally bare, he pulled Hannibal back against him. He was on fire with the skin to skin contact, the closeness.

The intimacy.

He carded his hand through Hannibal's hair, letting it fall out of place in his wake. His fingertips drifted over the other's cheekbone while Hannibal's attention began to move downward. He buried his face in Will's neck, kissing and inhaling deeply.

Did you just smell me?

Difficult to avoid.

His grip tightened on the other man, needing to be held as tightly in return. He was younger, he hated being touched. Even into adult life. The only touch he welcomed was Hannibal's. With Hannibal, he had been more than willing to lean into his touches so soon after they knew each other. Hannibal was his safe place, the person he ran to when he felt like he had nowhere else to go. Hannibal was the person he had turned to when he was accused of things he didn't do, running into the arms of the man who ultimately framed him. Even after he gutted him and left him on the floor of his kitchen, Will found himself picturing Hannibal's face and the aching pain and betrayal he had seen in the other's eyes.

He had never felt like he had a home when was younger. Bouncing from house to house, from school to school, from city to city. He had a home now.

Hannibal was his home.

He was home.

The other continued his trail downward pressing kisses and bites against Will's chest and abdomen. He couldn't help but think about the night he spent with Margot. It was whiskey-fueled and idiotic, he had known that even at the time. But the person his mind brought forth was not who he expected. He wanted to think of Alana. He wanted to think of someone safe, and someone who he had told himself he was attracted to. But instead, his mind offered him Hannibal. And it was only after he saw Hannibal that he ever felt himself nearing the precipice of his orgasm.

Hannibal nipped into his abdomen, right over where Will's smile had once been. He gasped, a series of emotions and feelings running through him before Hannibal continued lower.

He was achingly hard, just as he knew Hannibal was. The other's lips ghosted over his hips before he turned his attention to Will's cock. He felt the other's tongue lick a stripe over his length before he turned his attention to the head. Will's hands fisted in the sheets. He could see his Hannibal, a little older but no less handsome, doing the same thing if Will had let him. He was locked in a strange place between the Hannibal of his mind and the Hannibal who was currently deciding to torture his body with the ghost of a touch and a flick of a tongue over the head of his length. After a moment, the other wrapped his lips around him, and suddenly Will was buried in the tight heat of his mouth.

He was more than well aware that all it would wake would be a bite and he would be powerless to react to it. Yet instead of sinking his teeth through soft flesh, Hannibal started sucking, hollowing his cheeks, and bobbing his head. Will was on fire.

The other didn't stop, though his amber eyes moved to Will's face. He could feel the weight of the other's attention as he reached for him, fisting his hand in the soft strands of his hair.

After a moment, Hannibal pulled off his cock with a soft pop and his attentions began to travel lower. Will's mind told him that he hadn't done something like this since college, while also telling him that the ordeal had been a lot fresher in this body than it was to his mind.

The other's tongue flicked across his rim and Will nearly jumped off the bed. That didn't stop Hannibal though, who seemed to take Will's twitching as a sign of pleasure — which it was — and he repeated the action. This time though, he lifted Will's leg, draping it on his shoulder and pressing his tongue against him more. It was a strangely pleasurable feeling, or maybe it was pleasurable because of who was doing it.

The other pressed a finger against him, massaging lightly before beginning to push inside him. It was dry and slow, making will burn slightly. But god he loved it. Hannibal continued to press into him until he was buried to the second knuckle. Will shuttered as he pulled his hand back slightly and then pushed his finger in again. Will's eyes shut as pleasure began building within him, coupling with the several other feelings that were already here.

After a moment, Hannibal added another finger, except this time, it wasn't just his fingers. His tongue followed, licking into him in the space his fingers made as he scissored them. Will was already starting to shake. No matter the body he was in, he was always touch starved. He had even married and yet there wasn't that much physical contact between him and Molly. It wasn't Molly's fault. Even before everything happened, she knew that there was always a chance that Hannibal could find a way to drag Will back by the heart that still belonged to him. But this wasn't a world where Molly Foster became Molly Graham. There was no one to hurt by his love of Hannibal other than himself.

Hannibal hummed as Will let out a particularly loud noise and the hum sunk into his bones.

He found his hips rocking against Hannibal's hand and tongue, trying to take both deeper.

He needed more. He was aching with an emptiness that only Hannibal could fill.

The other added a third finger, crocking them to press against his prostate. Will moaned again as his hands fisted tighter in the sheets. If he didn't let go, he might tear them, but he didn't

care. He was too focused on the man between his legs, and the face behind his eyelids. After several more minutes of Hannibal scissoring his fingers, he pulled his hand back. The lack of stimulation was enough for Will to force his eyes open. Hannibal had shifted up the bed and was grabbing for something in his bedside table. After a moment, Will caught a glimpse of a bottle of lube and a condom.

"Don't," He said, causing Hannibal to look at him. "I'm clean. Don't. Please. I need-"

Hannibal didn't wait for him to say much more before he dropped the condom and palmed the lube. Will heard it squirt as the other spread a considerable amount over his cock and Will's hole.

It should bother him, that given the year, the AIDS epidemic was in full swing. But given who Hannibal was, he highly doubted that either of them was at all at risk for it. There were a thousand things he should be worried about, given the time he had been sent back to, but he threw them all out the window. He just wanted Hannibal, and Hannibal seemed to want him in return. That was enough. There was more acceptance of bisexuality by the time he met Hannibal, and he hoped they lived to see that time again together.

Hannibal settled between Will's legs, teasing Will by running the tip of his cock over his rim. After a second, he began to push inward, slowly. Will had caught a glimpse of Hannibal's size and had felt it when their bare bodies pressed together, but it was nothing compared to feeling him press inward. Will too was well endowed, but never had been with someone a big as Hannibal. And it was a bittersweet burn.

The other pressed into him slowly as though he were afraid to hurt him. At least, he wouldn't hurt him in this way.

Eventually, Hannibal was fully seated within him. The other leaned slightly, resting his hands on either side of Will's head.

Will found himself looking up at Hannibal, his eyes fixated on the other's face. And he couldn't look away. He was trapped and the moment Hannibal's gaze turned to him, he knew he was lost. Hannibal seemed equally as far gone as he was, his eyes filled with a mix of emotions as he pulled his hips back slightly. The Hannibal he knew lived without love, thinking he didn't need it. This Hannibal was no different. They both had grown so used to be alone that neither thought they needed to be loved. Until each other.

He reached upward as Hannibal thrust slowly back into him. He pulled the other down, pressing their mouths together. He tried to push everything he could into the kiss, willing Hannibal to understand just how much he truly needed him. One of Hannibal's hands came to his face again, his thumb running over Will's cheekbone. He pulled the other against him completely, their bodies fitting together just as they had before. He wrapped his legs around the other's waist. Hannibal began thrusting faster and harder. He moaned into the other's mouth. Hannibal was only spurred by the action, increasing his movements.

They had devolved into panting by now, neither of them able to do anything more than holding the other close. Hannibal's thrusts increased more, the sound of skin on skin echoing around the room. One of Will's hands dug into the skin of the other's shoulder blade, likely

leaving half-moons. There was some sort of satisfaction for him, knowing that Hannibal was marked some way by his hand. His other hand, however, was captured by Hannibal and pinned to the bed next to his head, their fingers lacing together.

Hannibal shifted slightly, changing the angle of his thrust and finding Will's prostate once again. Will groaned. Hannibal buried his face in his neck, his hot breath brushing against Will's skin.

He was alive again. He could feel his dead, holey heart beating wildly in his chest, reaching for Hannibal.

Hannibal's other hand moved under his hips and pressed against his lower back, keeping their lower bodies just as close as their upper bodies.

He was nearly the edge, a cliff he would gladly throw himself over as long as Hannibal came with him.

Hannibal seemed to be close as well, given that his thrusting lost all rhythm and he was now chasing after his own pleasure. Will encouraged him by digging his heels into his lower back, forcing him to press deeper and deeper into him.

Hannibal was hammering his prostate over and over again and every thrust pushed a new moan from Will's chest until he was so far into his pleasure he couldn't make noises anymore.

It only took a few more well-timed thrusts and Will fell over the edge. His mouth fell open in silent scream while his nails dug harshly into Hannibal's back. With one more thrust, Hannibal was right behind him, spilling into him as Will spilled between them.

Will felt like his eyes rolled back and through his head before he finally started coming down from his orgasm.

Hannibal was pressed against him, breathing heavily into his neck.

Neither attempted to move, only staying wrapped around each other. Will could spend eternity right here. This was what he needed. Hannibal was who he needed.

Eventually, the two of them shifted themselves needing to clean up as their orgasms grew tacky between them. Will smiled softly at seeing the disheveled nature of the almost always put together Hannibal Lecter.

After they were both clean, Hannibal stepped closer to him, wrapping his arms around Will's waist and pressing another kiss against his lips. He smiled into the kiss, feeling content for the first time in what felt like years.

"I wasn't expecting someone to come barging into my life like this," Hannibal whispered against his lips. "I had plans. Things I wanted to do. And now I find myself rewriting it all to fit you into it."

Will tightened his grip on the other. "I'm glad I barged in."

"Me too."

Will didn't have a nightmare for the first he could remember that night. Instead, while he dreamed of Hannibal, it wasn't enough to make him toss and turn.

Have you found someone whose company you prefer to keep?

You. Always you.

Will died in his sleep. He was 83 and followed Hannibal by a month, who died at 93. Will could barely live without Hannibal as it was, but by the time they were old enough, the thought of living in a world without Hannibal Lecter was unbearable. He was certain when he died, it was ultimately of heartbreak. However, what surprised him most was when he died, again, he woke up, again. This time, however, while he woke up in the body of his younger self, he didn't wake up anywhere. He was surrounded by white, with no real objects or anything of definition anywhere in sight. He looked down at himself, finding a body he recognized.

It had been some time since he felt that phantom ache in his abdomen, and when he raised his shirt, he could see the long thin scar across it. After a moment, he reached up, brushing over the jagged scar on his forehead.

"Hello, Will."

The moment the voice reached his ears, he turned dropping his hand and searching. Hannibal was right behind him and immediately, Will knew which Hannibal it was. He hadn't seen this version of Hannibal in years, not since they drowned together, but Will never forgot him. He never forgot the scar on Hannibal's cheek or the way his hair fell over his face. This Hannibal was his Hannibal, the one he still ached for until his death, even though that ache was dulled significantly by his other-self.

He lunged forward, wrapping his arms around Hannibal's body and pulling them tightly together.

"It's you," He breathed, pressing them closely together.

"And it's you." Hannibal's arms were wrapped around him as well, his face buried in Will's neck. "Did you finally find what you were looking for, Will?"

He sighed, gripping Hannibal tighter. "I have now." He pressed a soft kiss against Hannibal's cheek. "It was you. Always you."

End Notes

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